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## Poetry.

From the New York Express.  
THE BELLES.

BY HENRIETTA SPROUT.

Of the bells that hang in the steeples,  
That call to church all the pious people;  
Of the deep toned fire bell,  
That I say just here to tell;  
Their story's been told (as I dare say you know),  
To musical lines, by Edgar A. Poe.  
Of the bells that "were fabled to woo,  
Who often exist in Fifth Avenue,  
And places adjacent, where belles may reside,  
And nourish their beauty, and nourish their pride,  
While vices, and follies, they skillfully hide,  
They are seen promenading on each pleasant day,  
On the sunny side of far famed Broadway;  
Or, at the opera, or at the play,  
Or "making calls" in a cabriolet,  
Some are big, some are little, some short, some tall,  
Their hoops are large and their bonnets are small,  
And they wear o'er their shoulders—nothing at all.

Each belle is accompanied by a beau,  
A species of biped I'm sure you know,  
He draws on his "Governor" for his cash,  
Bears a tight collar, and slight moustache,  
And boots quite as small as a lady's hat.  
I'm sure there's nothing smaller than that;  
He's as saturated with Lucretia's perfume,  
You'll know him the moment he enters the room;  
From outward appearance one might suppose,  
That he keeps a puncher of bouquet de Rose;  
When dismissed from the presence of the belle,  
He flies to the porch of a Broadway hotel,  
Or, stopping at Taylor's he calls for an ice,  
Or some cream, a mint julep, or anything nice,  
He stores at the women with an ogle and leer,  
And when a new berry of ladies appear,  
He claims to his friend, while he twists his curls,  
"Say, F-r-a-n-k, there's some deuced pretty girls."

For short he is (as a Frenchman would say),  
And short up man, or otherwise blue;  
That the beau is dressed, tall and well I know;  
And to care him in an hour or so,  
We'll see him first—then, at least expense,  
Place him beneath a shower of abuse,  
And let it fall o'er him like molten lead,  
And, crushing his hat, go into his head.

But the beau is a pigmy beside the belle,  
Whose follies we here essayed to tell,  
She's grandly peculiar, and peculiarly grand,  
Has very small feet and a very small hand,  
And a bloom on her cheek that never will fade,  
Until it rubs off by her waiting maid;  
With her tight-fitting coat, well padded and lined,  
With very wide skirts, and two buttons behind,  
She floats like a zephyr, down the street,  
Narcissus touching the pave with her tiny feet,  
And looking all over peculiarly sweet.

The belles are accomplished, can sing and can dance;  
They're a passion for everything brought from France.

From a puddle dog to a flounced robe skirt,  
Or a handsome "Count," with whom they can flirt;  
They're everything foreign, that's freshly imported,  
A belle with delight at once transported;  
In their praises were louder than she,  
Than the great Rachel can ever do the sex,  
To make money, for so Felix said,  
Though he charged every Yankee, three dollars a head.

Belles were equally loud in their clamor,  
Another season of the "immortal drama,"  
From the West a theatrical star,  
She Matilda Heron, "the Shu-shu-gah,"  
Appeared on the fences with a very long bill,  
The tragic roles of "Medea," and "Camille,"  
And when the audience asked for "more,"  
The manager gave Mrs. Howe's "Leonore,"  
Which fair Matilda, in acting her part,  
Plunged a dagger deep into her heart,  
And then in a fit of sorrow and rage,  
Died, very slowly, all over the stage.

"But," says the belle, "when I go to the play,  
I have the blues, on the following day,  
For concerts, and plays, I don't care a dime,  
But it's an easy way of killing time;  
An I my friend, though I just yet 'tis true,  
While you're killing time, time's killing you."

The belle is as curious, quite, as the beau,  
From the top of her head to the tip of her toe,  
She's a walking enigma, and is never solved,  
Till some unlucky wight is completely involved  
In matrimony, or some such thing.  
And his doom is sealed with a priest and ring;  
Or (a thing foretold by her beau,  
(A thing that sometimes happens you know)  
She boards papa, and, delying reproach,  
Runs off with the coachman, without the coach.

The belles may be found at each summer resort,  
Now at Saratoga, then at Newport,  
At Lake Mohican, or Richfield Springs,  
Wearing their gayest and prettiest things,  
And dancing all night, and sleeping all day,  
Till summer has quietly passed away,  
And "Pa" has their dear little bills to pay.

But bless the dear creatures! I wouldn't for  
worlds,  
Be rated a skeptic by all pretty girls,  
In fact, my friends, I speak of a class,  
Who put on their charms before the glass;  
For beauty, like flowers, is destined to fade,  
And many a belle will die an old maid,  
Or if girls will coquette whenever they can,  
They'll never entrap a sensible man.

## Agriculture.

ROOT CROPS.—The New England Farmer believes that the profits of the general farmer may be more rapidly increased under a judicious system of cultivation of the various roots than in any other way; and that more than double the value per acre may be obtained from them, than from hay crops, and more even than from the small grains and Indian corn. For winter and spring use, the seed should not be put in for turnips until the third week in June; but an earlier date is preferable for the first crop. The sugar beet is attracting more the attention of farmers as food for milch cows and young cattle. It should be planted in drills, on good, deep, and rather warm soil, well stimulated with rich and invigorating manure, and should be carefully hoed and kept clear of weeds. The soil between the rows, and between the roots in the rows should be kept light, in order to facilitate the absorption of those fertilizing agents from the atmosphere upon which, in a very great measure, the perfect development and maturity of the system are found to depend. From eight hundred to thirteen hundred bushels have been taken from an acre of ground. Pork made from this root, boiled, is said to be harder than when made from any other root.

COOKING FOOD FOR FARM STOCK.—Cooking food for farm stock is rapidly growing into favour. It is not altogether a new notion either. But latterly grinding feed has been in vogue, until the toll taken by the miller has become so large an item, that our farmers are disposed to save both the grist and the toll, by using different kinds of apparatus for cooking food. We incline to the belief from experience, and from information derived personally from intelligent English agriculturists who have had experience in this manner of preparing food, that, if an economical boiler can be secured—one that will economize fuel, using all the heat that is generated, thus saving a large per centage that is lost in the use of kettles—our farmers will not tax themselves with the labor and time of visiting the "grist mill." A correspondent says he feeds three-fifths less grain to his hogs than when he fed raw grain. He thinks he saved the price of three steam boilers in three weeks.

Journal of Agriculture.

CLEAN YOUR FOLIAGE.—There is nothing like sponging all large shining foliaged plants, if you wish to have them look glossy and green. In a state of nature the rains perform this necessary office quite frequently, yet plants kept in houses, with the best of care, get dirtier from insects, etc., and how seldom cleaned! If quantity precludes us from going over leaf by leaf with such plants as daphnes, camellias, and laurestines, we should make it a point of giving them a heavy syringing at least once a month the year round, and certainly wash them all with soapy water once. But as it is seldom there are so many but they can be done oftener, every private gardener should make it a point of spending his spare time at this paying operation. By so doing his flowers will become finer, and plants look better, and have that rich glossy nature so pleasing in the leaf of a clean camelia. Soapy water will tend to destroy any insect harbouring about the plants.—Country Gentlemen.

STORING RUTA BAGAS.—These roots heat easily, and they require most thorough ventilation. Next, to be kept as cool as practicable, without freezing—a little frost will not hurt them if thawed very gradually. If stored in a cellar, they must not be placed on the bottom of the cellar, but kept a foot above, on a coarse wooden grate, which may be made of rails. This will admit air freely. If heated, they become pithy and comparatively worthless. If kept out of doors, they should be placed in ridges, not over three feet wide, and as steep as they will pile, and as long as convenient. Cover well with straw, then with a few inches of earth—in the Northern States six inches will do. Pat the earth smooth with a spade to drain off rains.—Then make a hole with a stake or crowbar every six feet, and put in a wisp of straw—this allows ventilation.

Annual Register of Rural Affairs.

CATTLE.—Cattle must not be neglected in these short days. Let them have enough whether you cut the hay for them, or let them cut it with their own teeth. Give them a variety at this time, as you have husks and top stalks for a change after hay. Still hay is the chief reliance of farmers to feed their stock upon through the winter.

Calves which are not a year old, must have particular attention. Let them have the finest of hay in the fore part of the winter, for they are constantly growing older and becoming more hardy. Rowen hay and fine clover are the best for calves, and roots of some kind should be provided for them to favor their growth.

## Selected Tale.

THE OLD CLOAK.

BY MRS. D.

"Pray, Mr. Norton," exclaimed a lively lady to a fashionably dressed, handsome young man, who was standing beside her at an evening party, "pray, do you intend to remain an old bachelor all your days? Since your return from Europe I have been continually expecting to hear of your marriage, but here you have been, two years, and you are still, to all appearance, 'in statu quo,' as the lawyers say."

"My dear Mrs. Hinton," replied the young gentleman, with a smile, "I will be frank and tell you the real reason of my remaining a general admirer of the sex, instead of confining my attentions to any one 'bright, particular star,' however much I may be dazzled by its brilliancy. I am actually afraid to marry."

"Afraid!" echoed the lady, opening her dark eyes to their widest extent with astonishment. "Faint heart never won," you know. Are you afraid to propose?"

"No, madam, afraid to marry. You will laugh at me I dare say, when I tell you that my seat in church has a great deal to do with my solitary state which seems so much to excite your surprise."

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Hinton, "one is always surprised when a young man who—without meaning to flatter you—is certainly a favorite in society, (here Mr. Norton made her a polite bow) and who has independent fortune, still refrains from choosing one of the many fair damsels whom he meets, to superintend his establishment. But what influence your seat in church can have upon the matter I am at loss to imagine."

"You must know, then, that I sit just behind Miss La Mode, in Dr. Righthead's church, and the sight of her velvet cloak absolutely frightens me from the thought of marrying a wife who may some day say to me, 'My dear, I am dying for a new velvet cloak; please give me two or three hundred dollars, and I will go to Stewart's and buy it.' How I should shudder to hear such a request!"

"Really, Mr. Norton, this is too absurd, for you with your fortune, to talk in such a manner. I shall begin to think you are a miser. Your wife might dress as extravagantly as she chose, and it would not injure you. And surely, you do not object to a lady's wearing a velvet cloak?"

"I do not object to anything that is consistent, but I cannot help thinking splendid velvet, such as Queen Victoria herself might be satisfied with for a coronation robe, sadly out of place when it is made into a cloak, to be worn on almost all occasions; particularly when it is well known that Miss La Mode's father does not even pay his baker or his butcher. If I were one of his poor creditors I should be tempted to take the cloak from the young lady in the street, and sell it for what it would bring."

Mrs. Hinton sat silent at this speech.—her conscience reproached her, for she had on that day purchased an elegant new mantle, although her husband had requested her to be as economical as possible in her expenditures, as he found it difficult in these trying times, to meet all the demands made upon her purse. She was a woman, however, of generous feelings, as yet unhardened by resisting good impulses, and she secretly resolved to take back the mantle the next day, and prevail upon the shopman to receive it, since it was not yet paid for. All this passed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning, and she turned round with a smile to address Mr. Norton when an over-dressed young lady, who had been sitting an interested listener to the conversation, suddenly interposed.

"If Mr. Norton wants an economical wife," she said, "I would recommend him to offer himself to Emily Harwood. I think she would suit him exactly, for she has worn an old cloak all winter, with no alteration—one which she has had two years at least, to my knowledge."

Mr. Norton looked at the speaker, and the unnamable expression of her countenance sunk her in his estimation forever, although he had hitherto regarded her as very pretty and interesting, and had sometimes even thought it almost possible to love Caroline Howard well enough to marry her, and if he could only hope to cure her of the passion for dress which she displayed. But this remark sealed her fate, as far as he was concerned, and turning to Mrs. Hinton, he asked, "who is Emily Harwood? Are you acquainted with her? I should really like to be introduced to a young lady who has moral courage enough to wear an unfashionable garment, after having worn it already two winters; she must possess a more than common character."

"I will introduce you with pleasure," said Mrs. Hinton. She is a sweet girl and a great favorite of mine. I confess I have myself been surprised at the plainness of

her dress, this winter, for her father is considered wealthy, and she is the only one of his daughters of an age to go into society. That is she in the simple white frock, and that is her mother by her side."

Mr. Norton was charmed to perceive that it was a young lady who, by her singularly modest and unpretending appearance, had attracted his attention in the early part of the evening. He had intended to inquire her name, but lost sight of her in the crowd and supposed she had retired. She received him with an easy, graceful manner, and after a few moments passed in conversation, he thought her positively beautiful, so intelligent was the expression of her dark blue eyes, and so beaming the smile with which she listened to his lively remarks. He was also very much pleased with Mrs. Harwood, who did not leave her daughter the whole barrenness of conversation, as some mothers are apt to do, contenting themselves with being mere spectators.

When Mr. Norton laid his head upon the pillow that night, it was long before he could compose his mind to sleep, so much was he disturbed by the vision of a pair of blue eyes which danced before him, not to mention dark ringlets and old cloaks, which mingle together in strange confusion. He began to think that he had at last found the object he had been so long seeking and resolving that he would call the next day at Mr. Harwood's, at last resigned himself to repose.

The next morning, Mrs. Hinton in pursuance of the wise resolution she had made, stirred herself to go out, and was waiting in the parlor for her carriage.—The beautiful mantle lay on the table by her side, and she was examining it, and that after all, she could do without it, and if she could she ought to. At this moment Caroline Howard, who was an intimate friend, entered. "Are you going out so early?" she exclaimed, unperceiving Mrs. Hinton ready dress. "I came in hopes of seeing you at this hour, for I wished to tell you that Stewart's has some of the finest mantles for sale which he had mentioned to her in the morning."

Let us return to Mr. Norton. He could not avoid anticipating the calling hour a little, so impatient was he to meet again the object that had so much fascinated him the night before. As he entered the hall he heard the sound of music, and being shown into the drawing-room, found the fair Emily evidently giving lessons on the piano to a little sister. Although attired in a simple morning dress, she did not appear less lovely than his memory had pictured, and the bright blush which his unexpected appearance called up made her no less interesting in his eyes. She dismissed the little girl with a message to her mother, who soon appeared and received him kindly. As he glanced around and observed the air of elegance, though not of display, that pervaded the establishment, he could not help recalling Miss Howard's words about the old cloak, and his curiosity was excited to know what could be her reason for wearing a garment unfashionable enough to attract observation. After making as long a call as he dared, upon first acquaintance, he took leave, not without being invited by Mrs. Harwood to call again; an invitation to which he cordially responded. Not many days after, as Mr. Norton was walking in Broadway, he met Miss Harwood and joined her immediately. He had walked for some time by her side without at all regarding her dress, when Miss La Mode suddenly emerged from a shop and passed on before them, arrayed in her superb velvet cloak, with feathers, &c., in the height of fashion.—The conversation at the party instantly recurred to his thoughts, and he glanced at the cloak of his companion. It was of plain, dark merino, and had evidently been much worn, though everything about her was so scrupulously neat, and her simple white hat so becoming to her fresh complexion, that she was infinitely more attractive to an intelligent man than the dashing Miss La Mode. To test her feelings, he remarked to her, carelessly, "That is a beautiful cloak of Miss La Mode's." No blush appeared on her cheek as she quietly replied, "It is indeed very beautiful." Mr. Norton could not help feeling how superior was this conduct to that of some young ladies, who betray an uneasy feeling of consciousness when they hear praises of another's appearance which they know to be more brilliant than their own. He continued to visit at Mr. Harwood's and was always kindly received; but he was not one to decide too hastily on a subject of such vast importance; as he felt the character of his companion for life to be. He chanced, at length, that he had a commission from an aunt in the country, for some millinery, and though entirely unused to make such purchases, he resorted to the most fashionable establishment of the kind, for the first time, to exercise his taste in that department. The milliner took him behind a counter which separated the two rooms, in order to show him some very recherche articles, and requesting him to

take a seat upon a sofa, left him to search for the important box which contained the treasures. He was beginning to grow impatient, when a sweet, well known voice sent a thrill through his heart. It was Emily Harwood's voice, apparently conversing with another young lady, so close to the curtain that he could not avoid hearing every word. He was about to dart forward and address them, when the word "old cloak," fell upon his ear. "Now," he thought, "perhaps I shall find the solution of the mystery." "No," said Emily, "I will not buy such a gay hat as this. It would not suit at all with my old cloak." "Do, for pity's sake, my dear Emily," exclaimed her companion, "tell me why you have worn that same cloak this winter. I believe it is the third winter you have had it. We have all wondered why you did not get a new one, and that spiteful Caroline Howard has talked about it at every party this season."

"I am very sorry," replied Emily, laughing, "that Miss Howard has been at such a loss for subjects of conversation as to find nothing more interesting than my poor cloak. However, I will tell you my motive for wearing it, and I am sure, dear Helen, that you will approve of it. But first, promise me that you will tell no one else. I should not think of explaining it to any but you."

Here Mr. Norton almost resolved to show himself. He felt it a breach of honor to hear what was evidently a secret; but his interest in the fair Emily was so strong that he excused himself on that plea, and remained silent.

Helen made the required promise, and Emily proceeded—

"You remember hearing of the death of my uncle Murray, last summer. He had failed just before, so that his family were left quite destitute. Catherine, the oldest daughter, has been at Mrs. Willard's school for the last year, and she was very desirous of remaining another term, after which Mrs. Willard would engage her as a teacher. She considers her one of her finest scholars. But it was not possible for her mother to continue such an expense, and my father said that he could not afford to support her in her domestic affairs. Therefore I offered to wear my old cloak another season, and to give little Julia music lessons, instead of her having a teacher. Now do you not think that a sufficient motive? I assure you I have felt more pleasure, this winter, in wearing that old cloak than I should have done in possessing one even more splendid than Miss La Mode's, for now my poor cousin will be able to support herself and assist her mother in educating her brothers and sisters."

"That is just like yourself, Emily," exclaimed her friend, enthusiastically. "I only wish I could tell of it. How ashamed Caroline Howard would be of all her ill-natured speeches!"

It is needless to say that there was another auditor who shared in the admiration of Helen. Mr. Norton was so delighted with the simple recital of Emily that he longed to clasp her to his heart and tell her that his happiness depended on her alone. He saw the young ladies take their departure, and a few moments after hastened away, forgetting his aunt and all her commissions, and leaving the milliner lost in astonishment at his abrupt departure.—He reached Mr. Harwood's almost as soon as Emily herself, and astonished her by a warm declaration of his feelings. She did not bid him despair, and it was soon after announced that Mr. Norton and Emily Harwood were engaged, much to the amazement of Miss La Mode and Caroline Howard, who could not understand why she was preferred to themselves.

Mrs. Hinton was delighted with Mr. Norton's choice, and predicted that he would have a pattern wife. She never forgot her good resolutions, but her persuasions were lost upon her former friend, Caroline, who was, however, soon forced by the failure of her father to renounce her extravagant habits.

We must do Mr. Norton the justice to say that he had the candor to confess to his wife, soon after their marriage, the means by which he obtained a knowledge of her motives for wearing the old cloak, which was ever after preserved as a precious relic. I can assure my readers that she did not blame him severely, and should this tale ever meet their eyes, I trust that they will both pardon the use I have made of the incidents related to me.

1. Courageous Old Woman.

Her cow had strayed, and was nowhere to be found in her usual pastures. This gave the good dame considerable anxiety. At last she determined to search for her in the higher valleys. Leaving her cottage early one morning, she rambled on for several hours, and at length found herself far up on the Tuganai, without coming upon any traces of the fugitive. This was very disheartening—still she would not give up her search. The valley she had entered upon was thickly wooded with pines in many parts; in others there were fine open glades, with clumps of bushes and shrubs, and among these she wended her way from one little plot of grass to another. At last she spied the well known dark brown hide through some bushes. The old woman thought of the many hours she had been searching for the truant; and stealing softly on determined to give her sufficient chastisement. When within reach of her brawling staff, the blows fell fast. Up sprang the animal and turned sharp round, when, to the dame's horror, she saw a large brown bear. The two stood staring at each other, apparently with equal astonishment and apprehension, when Brain, seized with a sudden panic, turned tail and bolted. Atkinson's Oriental and Western Siberia

## Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND, 1707.

as they shall think fit for the promotion of their several towns, and townships, by building houses and ware houses, wharves, laying out lots, or any other improvement &c., as the body of freeholders and freemen of each town shall see cause for, the major part of them, for their most benefit—not prejudicing any particular person in their proper original grants or purchases upon the aforesaid harbors, coves, creeks, &c., which we doubt not will promote the interest of her majesty, and the good of her good subjects in said colony for the promoting of trade and navigation.

A tax was ordered to be assessed upon the towns for £1500 being much larger than any former tax.

The body of a negro man was found washed up on the shore of Little Compton and brought to Newport while the Assembly was sitting. This negro had belonged to Thomas Mumford, of Kingstown, there was every reason to believe that he was the murderer of his master's wife, about two weeks before, and also that he drowned himself after committing the crime. The Assembly ordered that his head, arms, and legs, be cut from his body, and hung in some public place near the town, to public view, and his body to be burnt to ashes, that it be, if it please God, something a terror to others from perpetrating of the like barbarity for the future.

The Assembly met at Warwick on the 29th of October, 1707.

Deputies present.

Newport.—James Barker, John Holmes, Wm. Coddington, Thomas Gould, Henry Brightman, Edward Pelham.

Providence.—Richard Arnold, Samuel Wilkinson, Philip Tillinghast, Arthur Fenner.

Portsmouth.—George Sisson, Joseph Coddington.

Warwick.—John Green, Simon Smith, Samuel Green, Malacha Rhodes.

Kingston.—William Knowles, Alexander Mulling.

Greenwich.—Thos. Nichols, Thomas Spencer.

Jamestown.—Edward Carr, John Hall.

The Assembly met by adjournment to Newport, on the last Tuesday in April, 1708.

An act passed laying a duty of three pounds each on all negroes imported into the colony. The Governor and general council on the island were authorized to press vessels for the public service, when, in their opinion, the same should be necessary.

1708.

At a General Assembly held at Newport the 4th day of May, 1708, being the day before election. Present, the Governor, Deputy Governor, and assistants and the following named deputies from the towns: Newport.—Benj. Arnold, Jno. Holmes, Henry Brightman, Thomas Peckham, Benjamin Coggeshall.

Providence.—John Sprague, Pardon Tillinghast, Joseph Jencks, Samuel Coddington.

Portsmouth.—Abraham Anthony, John Coggeshall, George Cornell, Joseph Cook.

Warwick.—Simon Smith, Saml. Green, John Waterman, Samuel Gorton.

Westerly.—Joseph Clarke, James Babbcock.

Kingston.—Stephen Hazard, Wm. Hall.

Greenwich.—Thomas Fry, Pardon Tillinghast.

Jamestown.—Ebenuezer Slocum, Joseph Mowry.

By Election May 5th.

SAMUEL CRANSTON, Governor.

WALTER CLARKE, Dep. Gov.

Assistants.

Henry Tew, Joseph Jencks, George Brownell, Randall Holden, Stephen Champin, John Rogers, Thomas Fenner, Gyles Slocum, Richard Green, Stephen Hazard.

WESTON CLARKE, Recorder.

SIMON SMITH, Attorney General.

JOHN HOLMES, Treasurer.

The Assembly met again at Newport, the last Tuesday in August, 1708, when a tax was assessed on the towns, and a list of freemen ordered to be taken.

The Assembly met at the town of Providence the 27th of October, 1708. The deputies from the towns were for

Newport.—William Winton, James Brown, Richard Dym, John Wadsworth, John Rhodes, John Mumford.

Providence.—Pardon Oakes, Josiah Whipple, Jonathan Sprague, Philip Tillinghast.

Portsmouth.—John Barden, Isaac Lawton, Wm. Coggeshall.

Warwick.—James Carter, John Waterman, Malcha Rhodes, Arms Stafford.

Kingston.—John Edredge, George Hazard.

Greenwich.—Thomas Fry, Pardon Tillinghast.

New Shoreham.—Simon Rye, Jabe Card,











